

The Evening World.

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JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 53 Park Row.

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NEED FOR ALL WE CAN SAVE.

THE cable from the British Ministry of Food made public yesterday by the Federal Food Administration should remove any doubts Americans may have as to the urgent need of saving food for their allies in Europe.

Great Britain, France and Italy each and all report the same extreme need of meat. In the United Kingdom the Food Ministry had authorized a system of local rationing, but already import supplies have fallen off so seriously that the contemplated ration will have to be reduced. France will soon have to adopt a general food card. Italy is badly in want of cereals, dried fish and fats as well as meat.

Messages from Americans in active service in Europe have no question as to how much all the food we can spare and send means both to our forces abroad and to the nations with whose armies they are fighting side by side.

In a letter, also given out by the Food Administration, an American boy writes from "Over There":

"You in the United States have no idea what these people in England and France are sacrificing. Sugar is an unknown quantity. Why, the undissolved sugar in the bottoms of the coffee cups in the United States would be a godsend to us all over here. It is not necessary to cut yourselves short. If the American people will merely plan so that not a crumb is wasted it will help an untold amount."

"The undissolved sugar in the bottom of the coffee cup!"

That may well stand as a permanent reminder and rebuke to Americans who have not yet entered into the food saving spirit and who give no thought—so long as they themselves still enjoy them—to the comforts that have gone out of the lives of those fighting for the Nation's safety at the front.

Never forget that the saving of food by individuals amounts in the aggregate to stores that can be measured in shiploads.

According to estimates prepared for the State Food Administrator in Massachusetts:

Food enough to feed an army of a million men for six days was saved by hotels, restaurants and clubs in Massachusetts in one month.

Concrete and convincing. It should be kept constantly in the minds of Americans to what formidable reinforcements of food supply the quarter-loaves and half-pounds will pile up if 100,000,000 people do the saving.

SCHOOL LUNCHESES.

A WELL-NOURISHED schoolboy means a better chance of a sturdy fighter later. The German authorities noted that conclusion years ago when they began feeding schoolchildren.

For "fighter" substitute "citizen" and include girls. The argument for providing children with proper food, furnished at school, remains equally cogent for peace-loving communities whose ideals are not Prussian ones.

The development of the school luncheon plan in this city was due to the efforts of The Evening World, which steadily maintained that undernourished children are poor civic assets and that wholesome food could be furnished youngsters at least once a day at school, to the great benefit of their health and without any suggestion of philanthropy or charity.

From small beginnings, The Evening World's public school penny lunch plan has grown until penny lunches are served in more than a hundred schools in the city, and it is now proposed to make the providing of these school meals a regular function of the Department of Education. The Board of Aldermen held a public hearing yesterday on an ordinance framed for the latter purpose.

The ordinance provides that food supplied in this manner "shall be furnished free of charge, or, in the discretion of the board, at a nominal charge, not to exceed two cents a portion."

Rather than permit anything like a charity line to be drawn between children who can pay and children who cannot pay, far better let the city furnish the luncheons free.

After all what sounder municipal investment is there than healthy bodies for coming citizens?

Letters From the People

Please limit communications to 150 words.

Says There Is No Need of Women on the Front.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would like to say that as regards the placing of women on street cars, that the labor organizations are right in saying that there is no need for them, as there are plenty of men who are willing to do this work if offered a living wage. How can the traction companies expect men to work for the miserable sum of \$15 per week of seven days at ten hours a day? That is what the Interborough pays its platform men on the "L" and subway. When they are promoted to the trains they receive the sum of \$24 a day. Some time ago they were given a \$3 bonus at the end of each month, which was increased to \$5 when the men began to grumble. While \$15 a week may be fair wages for a single girl to live on, it is a mere pittance to the working man with a family to support. Let the traction companies give a living wage and they will find it is not necessary to put women in the men's places. They will also find that it will make the work of the labor agitator more difficult. Let them not rest in the hope that the women can't be organized, for they can be, and are more prone to become dissatisfied with wages and working conditions than the men.

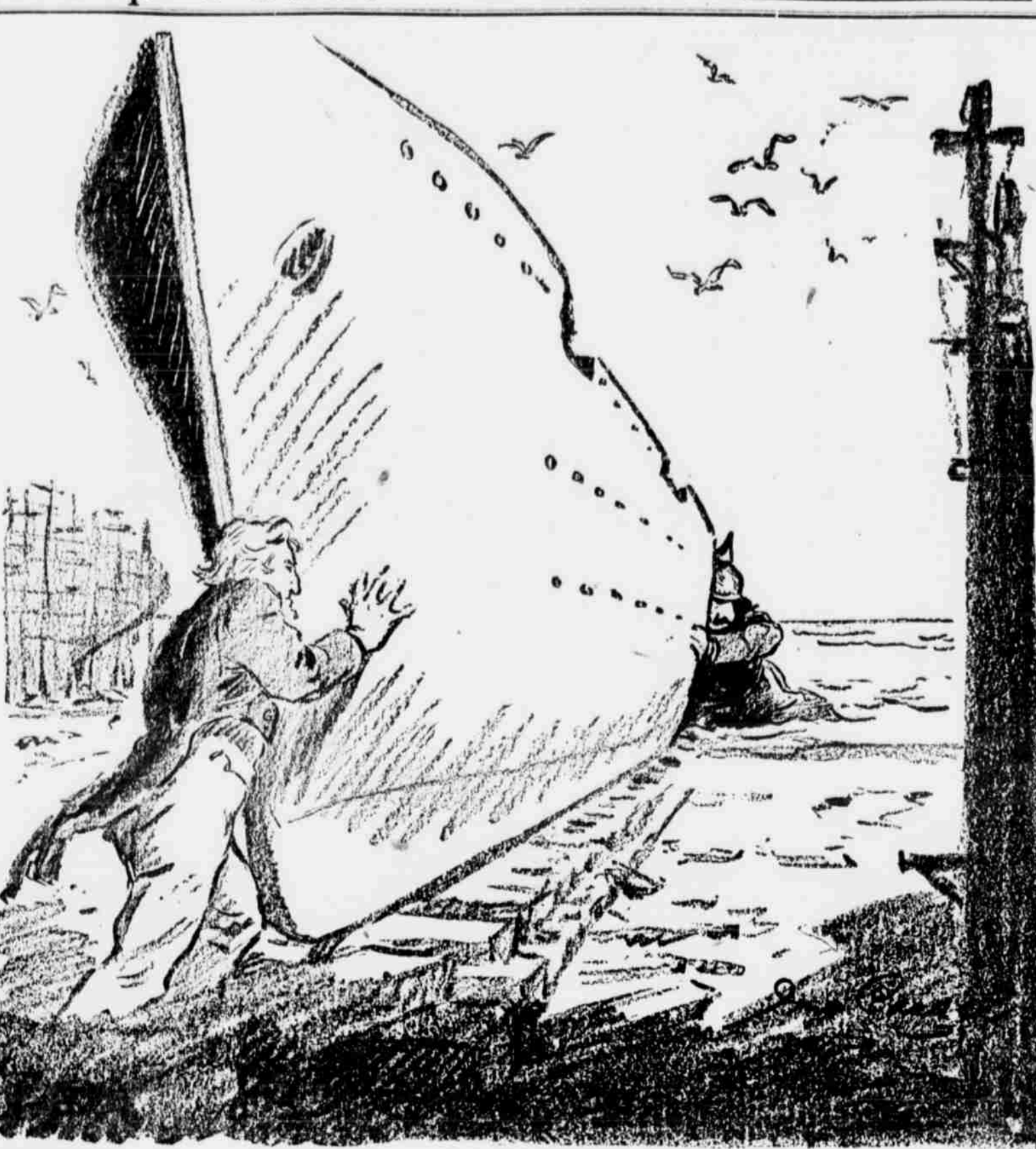
THIRD AVENUE "L" GUARD.

Wants One Law for All.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I note in your paper an article touching upon the enforcement of food regulations. While you devote a large part of your article in praise of the hotels and condensation of the slacker restaurant, it seems to me you omit the most important essential to any food regulation, and that is, impartial application of regulations to all food purveyors alike. Hotels and restaurants are not the only places that sell meat. What of the thousands of delicatessen stores, butcher shops, drug stores, candy stores, Y. M. C. A. cafeterias, clubs, cantonments, lunch counters and employees' restaurants—all they not be amenable to the law? A meatless day should be meatless for all alike. There is need of firmness, impartiality and thoroughness above all things in food conservation. Delegating the power of the State to a society like the hotel or restaurant associations, whose membership is small, whose influence is limited to a small area of their own establishments, is child's play. Saving the Nation is a man's job. Starvation is a heavier general than Hindenburg; he must be fought with the whole strength of the Nation. We are past joking period in this food tragedy; let us face it with strong men and drastic means, or it defeats us.

STEWART.

Help Push!



What My Parents Wanted Me to Be

HUDSON MAXIM

Great Inventor's Father Placed an Education Before All—
Taught His Son to Study and Aspire, Though They Lived in the Wild.

DURING my early boyhood in Maine my parents lived on the borders of the great woods that extended northward to the Canadian wilderness in an unbroken wilderness to the Canadian settlements. Hard times was a chronic condition. The ever-present problem of where the next meal was coming from was the chief concern of all members of the family. My father once facetiously remarked that poverty had damaged him more than \$1,000.

Ragged and hatless and shoeless until I was thirteen years of age, I had little opportunity of attending school during the inclement Maine winters, and in the summers I had to work. I had no chance to learn my letters until I was almost nine years of age.

The only books I had were those I was able to buy with my meagre earnings. My first real start in the getting of an education I owed to a relative who offered me a gun if I would learn to read the Second Reader through without making a mistake and to spell every word in it. I did nothing else until that task was accomplished, for the chief wish of my heart was to have a gun with which to hunt. Dante never looked on Beatrice with such love and longing in his heart as the boy and longing with which I looked on a shotgun.

Both my father and mother were geniuses in their way. My mother knew the nature of every herb in the field and the proper remedy for every ailment of human flesh. She never was at a loss for an expedient in an emergency, and always did the right thing. My father was an excellent mechanic and a real philosopher. He had a remarkable knowledge of ancient history and knew the Bible from cover to cover, although he was an agnostic. It was from my father I learned that the Bible is an inexhaustible source of beautiful poetic diction.

The only directive influence of my parents upon their four children was

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

MASTER WILLIE JARR stood fidgeting by the window and sniffing. "Kin I go out, maw?" he whimpered. "Kin I go out?"

"Not when you ask me that way," said Mrs. Jarr, going calmly on with her knitting. "PLEASE, kin I go out, then?" asked the boy.

"Why do you not say 'can,' Willie? Why do you say 'kin'? It sounds dreadful. What sort of school teachers do we have these days, anyway?" "Kin I go out if I say 'kin,' maw?" inquired Master Jarr. "Kin I say 'can,' Kin I go for saying 'can'?"

"Yes, if you say 'can' and not 'kin,'" replied his mother. "I mean if you say it constantly and not occasionally."

"But I kin say 'can,'" the boy rejoined. "I seen Johnny Rangle and Gusie Hepler from the window," Mrs. Jarr corrected.

"Can I go out, mamma, I saw them from the window, too," remarked little Emma Jarr, preserving all the niceties of diction.

But Mrs. Jarr paid no heed to the little girl, thinking it a time to give Master Willie Jarr a brief but impressive lesson in the art of better expression. "I will let you go out if you will avoid being so careless in your language and grammar, Willie," she said. "Now repeat after me 'I did it.' 'I have done nothing.'"

"But I ain't done nothing, maw!" whined the boy. "Did you tell on me, tattler tale?" he added, turning accusingly on his little sister. "No, I didn't," replied the little girl. "I didn't say a word about what you did."

Mrs. Jarr affected not to hear this. Whatever it was that Master Jarr had done, she would learn in good time if it was very bad. If it was a minor misdemeanor it would not matter if she continued in ignorance of it. Anyway, at this time she was correcting faulty expression and did not wish to complicate matters by any investigation into irregularities of conduct.

"Kin we, I mean CAN we go out, maw?" repeated the boy.

"Yes, seeing you have so thoughtfully included your little sister in the request," replied Mrs. Jarr.

"Hooray! Where's my other roller skate?" cried the boy. "Where's my other roller skate? I had 'em both a

The Woman of It!

By Helen Rowland

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LAST night I dreamed that I had LOST her — The woman to whom I owe everything that I have or am or even hope to be!

The woman who has been my greatest inspiration, the motive-power of my every effort, The spur to my every achievement—the source of my every success! For HER sake, I have dragged myself out of the slough of despond and smiled bravely into the eyes of Fate—oh, many times! For her sake, I have resisted every folly or temptation, from a foolish flirtation—to a fattening potato! When I have felt myself "slumping" — "Letting down," getting careless or lazy or frumpy I have thought of HER!

And instantly I hurried out and bought a new corset and a new brand of face powder and a new hat and a new book on beauty-culture, And a ticket for a matinee! Often, when I have felt inclined to "let things go," When I have felt restive or impatient of my work, and vowed I would "take things easy" —

Oh, YOU know that "Oh-what's-the-use" feeling! — HER face has risen suddenly before me, like a faithful monitor. And I have pulled myself together with a mighty jerk And done the very best thing of my life!

Sometimes, When I have felt grippy and spring feverish and ill enough to go to bed and send for the doctor, —

I have closed my eyes and summoned up HER image. And presto! — I have braced up and gritted my teeth and given myself a good dose of mental science

And "carried on" until I forgot my headache or my heartache. In the sheer excitement and stimulation of "playing the game!" And when I have felt blue and discouraged and down-and-out And been tempted to go about with a face of woe, drenching my friends in gloom and tears, —

And telling everybody how badly the world was treating me, I have come suddenly face-to-face with HER, And held up head, and tossed my chin a few inches higher And LAUGHED the old world in the face!

And then, somehow, Everything would seem to go right again, And I would thank Her, from the bottom of my heart! Oh, I know

That if all my best and nearest friends should die I should be very, very desolate; But, without HER, life would hardly be worth the living, And I should never do or be or amount to anything! For SHE — is my dearest ENEMY!

And yet, last night, I dreamed that she came to me and kissed me And wanted to "make up!" And in a moment of weakness I FORGAVE her!

And I woke up weeping — To think that I had lost the greatest asset, the most wonderful inspiration to success

That any human being can have — A good, true, faithful enemy!

Practical New Inventions Meet Old Needs

Sandpaper Band Designed For Poison Bottle.

FOR bottles containing poison a sandpaper guard has been introduced which, when applied, enables a person to distinguish such a receptacle in the dark, says Popular Mechanics. The paper is provided with a rectangular opening so that the label is surrounded, but not covered. A rumpled tab permits the device to be quickly and securely attached.

Safety Sharpener for Scissors and Knife.

KEEPING a keen edge on knives and scissors is made easy by having in the home this recently patented device described in the Illustrated World, Chicago. It is constructed in such a way that a child may operate it with perfect safety. If a knife is drawn alter-

may be removed when worn out, furnishes the sharpening surface. Lengthening the Period of the Comb's Usefulness.

KEEPING the comb in a sanitary condition is not so easy a task as it would seem. Merely washing it with soap and water has little effect. A reliable comb cleaner is needed. The cleaner shown in the accompanying illustration is a new invention described by Popular Science Monthly. Its strings are of steel, covered with twisted brass wire, which is just rough enough to scrape the sides of the teeth and the intervening bottom spaces, without making the teeth themselves rough.

The framework is finished in various styles. Some of them are nickel-plated, some are finished in copper and some in oxidized brass. Adjustable Paring Knife. THIS small, adjusting device may be attached to any paring knife to act as a gage in slicing or peeling fruit or vegetables. It can be reversed so as to suit either a right or left handed person, and can also be adjusted to provide for cuts of different depths, so it can be used for both paring and slicing. There is a place for one in every kitchen where many vegetables are prepared for the table, says the Illustrated World, Chicago.

When "Dixie" Became the Southern Anthem

"DIXIE" was first played by a band on a public occasion fifty-seven years ago, when Jefferson Davis was inaugurated President of the Confederacy at Montgomery, Ala. As a vaudeville song it had been dashed off in a few minutes by Daniel Decatur Emmet to fill a gap in his New York program, but it remained for Herman Arnold, a band leader at Montgomery, to orchestrate what was to become the great patriotic song of the South.

When Prof. Arnold was asked for a band programme for the inaugural of Davis he decided to arrange "Dixie" for the various instruments. On the morning of Feb. 18, 1861, when the presidential carriage, drawn by six gray horses, swung into place in the inaugural procession to the Alabama State House, Arnold's band led off with the strains of "Dixie." Wild cheers greeted the air and the song was repeated many times that day. In a little while every army of the Southland was marching to the tune.